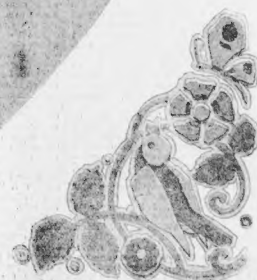
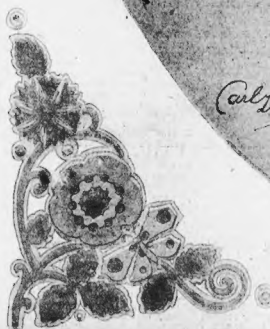


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THE WILD FLOWER GIRL—Painted Especially for
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Science Explains Why "Getting Mad" is Good Training For Us

Observations Which Seem to Prove That Anger Helps Everybody to Learn, Work and Succeed, and That Child Maxims About Keeping Your Angry Passions Down Are Erroneous

YOUR child's habit of "getting mad" is not, as many people have supposed, a despicable fault that should be stamped out at any cost. It is, on the contrary, a most essential quality, without which he can never be of much value to himself and society.

Never try to destroy your child's temper, for that is one of his most valuable mental possessions. This is the deliberate conclusion of science after a careful investigation. The latest views on this subject are contained in a book entitled "The Psychology and Pedagogy of Anger," by Roy Franklin Richardson, Professor of Education, University of Maine (published by Warwick & York, Baltimore).

In this book Professor Richardson summarizes his own views upon anger, his reports gathered from a large number of students, and the views of many other psychologists and scientists.

These observations show that anger was the first step in civilization, for when an individual first got thoroughly "mad" with another and took a large share of the means of subsistence he became a leader of mankind. Without anger against some injustice there has never been a concerted movement for human progress.

Anger increases the power and efficiency of the individual mind and body in all attacks of anger there are three stages: (1) The fore-period of resentment and diminished self-respect; (2) the period of violent excitement; (3) the period of reaction, which may be brief and pass off frequently with a pleasant feeling or may be indefinitely prolonged. It is the prolonged, not violent reaction, that leads to the greatest human achievements.

The post. Byron wonderfully comprehended the potentialities of the inspiring after-period of anger, now explained by science, when he wrote:

"There never yet was human power That could evade, if ungiven."

The patient ears and vital long Of him that treasures up a wrong."

The observations of the psychologists are confirmed by the discoveries of physical scientists, who have found that anger causes the ductless and other glands to pour certain substances into the circulation which enormously increase the strength and resistance of the body. Thus, soldiers are enabled by fighting anger to perform acts which appear superhuman, as Dr. G. W. Crile has shown in his remarkable study of fighting men in the war.

Professor Richardson's observations are almost entirely concerned with showing the value of anger in ordinary civilized life.

"With its running mate—fear—anger has played an important role in religion," says the professor. "The curse prayer of backward religion is motivated by resentment. A deity with an insatiable temper like that of the ancient Hebrews suggests the role of righteous indignation the discipline of the soul."

"Plato held that anger is at the foundation of the organization of the State. Professor Ribot has suggested that it is at the basis of justice."

Henri Bergson, the great living French philosopher, has suggested that anger is the basis of the social instinct, and that it is the basis of the social instinct, and that it is the basis of the social instinct.

President Stanley Hall, William James and Professor Dewey have all shown that the great deeds of valor have been done by anger.

President Hall says: "A large part of education is to teach the student to be angry—should be the aim of pedagogy to show how the power of the soul should be utilized—man is a creature of emotions and should be brought to the point of anger and allowed to do good and profitable work. We should keep alive our emotions and allow them to do our labor."

Many psychologists hold that anger is most valuable and necessary as the means of strengthening the will to action. Upon this President Hall says:

"At some point in the course of evolution anger came in as a stimulus to aggressive wild animals. Some favored in individual first attained the power of getting mad, violently attacking his fellows, and so attained sustenance in the struggle for food."

Professor Richardson expresses the idea that anger is very valuable to a child thus:

"Ethics has at times advocated the elimination of anger, as if it were a noxious product. From a pedagogical view it should be cultivated, as it is a natural and useful emotion. The familiar moral exhortations, 'Let not the sun go down on your wrath,' 'Love your enemies and do good to those that hate you,' and others like them, are in accord with a sound pedagogical view. The teacher should not only not suppress anger, but should encourage it, and should be kept alive. The emotion, if it works must not die out too satisfactorily at the cost of real effort. There should be a working residue for the time when it is needed."

Anger is said to be necessary for a school teacher. Professor Coolidge says: "No teacher can maintain discipline unless his scholars feel that in some manner he will resent a breach of it."

A fit of anger often clears the mind and allows it to perform all its functions with new energy.

A student, resentful of a criticism on the value of his work, reports that his resentment stimulated him to increased, determined action and intensified endeavor for several months in order to show the teacher he was wrong. Many other students made similar reports to Professor Richardson. One reported that because the parents of a young girl did not consider him bright enough to marry her, he went to college and became a very successful student, always under the influence of the resentment.

For these and many other reasons the author concludes that a "too soft pedagogy," which leads over too soon the injury to self-reliance, is a mistake. The teacher should get angry and provoke the pupil to an irascible response in order to stimulate him to an intensified endeavor for a lengthy period. Attention and association processes are intensified by anger. But it must be remembered that anger in the exciting stage and at a situation too remote from the problem interferes with mental work.

It was learned that skillful telegraph operators worked best when angry, but the inexperienced operator was less efficient. Michael Angelo is said to have produced his grandest sculpture when in a state of irascible temper. The mass of mankind is usually a very heavy sleeper, and needs a stimulant. There is no tonic like anger to a strong nature capable of bearing it.

The boy who has not the capacity for anger should be deliberately taught it. The observations, according to this scientific investigator, may be good intellect has been developed, and a good intellect has been developed, and a good intellect has been developed.

"With most of us the requisite intensity of passion is not forthcoming without an element of resentment. In order that anger may be valuable to society it must react on a mind that is clever enough to employ it usefully and intelligently. The anger of an idiot or immoral person is not of any use."

Most of the students describing how they felt when angered revealed the very curious fact that the after effects were often pleasant.

"I found myself," one reported, "saying cutting remarks as if speaking directly to X, and I planned a course of behavior toward him that I considered would humiliate him. I finally ended by imagining myself kicking him down the street, telling him I wanted no more to do with him. The imagery of this act was pleasant. I felt victorious. X was imagined as pestilential."

The imagery of the pugna attack in some form is quite a common characteristic of the mental reaction to anger. It occurs after a period of restraint when there seems nothing else to be done; imagination and fancy appear at such a crisis and assume the role of a substitute for hostile deeds which the subject has controlled.

Anger is the One Passion That Causes the Same Facial Expression in All Races and Stages of Civilization.

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Another student subject, C. describing his reaction to anger, said:

"My first impulse was to kick X. The restraint was accompanied by motor images of kicking him, followed by the image of his being hurt in the face."

Student G, describing his anger, said: "I felt as if I wanted to bite or hit something."

It reported a case where he had been humiliated by some boys along the street. The tendency to anger at the time was controlled, but as he passed on the question arose with greater intensity.

"I imagined myself beating one of the boys," he said, "I gave him several good punches; he had no show at all. I came out victor and was enjoying it all."

It is a common observation that an angry man usually swears or uses some kind of violent language. Some persons have the idea that this swearing is a wilful depravity that only a few types of man would indulge in, but these scientists show that it is natural—almost a necessity—to use violent language in anger.

"Swearing, grumbling, frowning, quarrelsome, interjectional gibberish, etc., are very common signs of anger. The results would very strongly suggest that anger—

rarely, if ever—occurs without its vocal expression in some manner; if not by direct vocalization, then by inner speech or vocomotor imagery."

"Introspection of slight emotions or anger lasting momentarily shows that their most marked sensation is one of tightening of the throat muscles."

"Dramatization language or wild swearing is common with all the persons studied while in the privacy of their own rooms when the restraint is off."

"The expression of the vocal cords is one of the most successful vents."

In order to obtain further information concerning the effect of swearing in relieving an angry person's feelings, the professor instructed one of his subjects, identified as B, to abandon himself to loud and vigorous profanity and invective on the next occasion when he became angry.

The student followed these instructions carefully. Afterward he reported that when he first became angry the feeling was an unpleasant one, but as he broke into a loud and prolonged outburst of swearing the anger soon passed into a rather pleasurable excitement.

When an angry person refrains from giving expression to his emotion, either from motives of decency or the absence of the offender, the thinking of cutting remarks may be substituted for the actual



Diagram Showing the Chain of Glands and Organs Which, According to Dr. G. W. Crile, Four Emerging Substances into the Fighting Man's Blood When He Is Roused by Anger.

verbal attack. The subject is aware that what he says to himself he would like to say to the offender.

The angry man thinks just what he expects to say and wants to say, how he will say it, the infection of the voice, the emphasis of words, and dramatic attitude. He may imagine the effect of his attack on his opponent, the latter may talk back. The imagined verbal combat is usually a one-sided affair and ends in victory for the subject.

Drastic remarks and the most cutting sarcasms were planned at times by the persons studied.

One person admitted that he could not at first think of a suitable cutting reply to an offender. His anger kept on breaking out again, until finally he thought of a satisfactory retort, and then he felt pleased and happy.

There are but few cases that show no pleasantness in some degree in the active stages of anger. "The pleasantness," the professor says, "ranges from mild relief to active delight. Periods of restraint during anger are periods of unpleasantness. Periods of restraint are accompanied by relief or pleasantness."

Anger disappears suddenly and turns to pleasantness if the subject gains the object of the emotion. For instance: "Subject A stated that he got on the wrong street car. The conductor refused to allow him to get off at his corner of the street. A felt angry—not because he was hindered from getting off, but because of the insulting attitude and remark of the

(On the Left) A Micro-photograph of Normal Brain Cells; (On the Right) The Changes Produced by Anger Upon Similar Cells.

conductor, who said, in a hostile manner: 'Why did you not pay attention to what I said: this car does not stop; you will have to go on.' A, then became angry and stopped with no further words."

"A, observed: 'As I stepped off I had a distinct feeling of unpleasantness. I felt I had been victorious. I was no longer angry. Sensations were still present in chest, arm and leg muscles, but these were now pleasant. Upon recalling the incident, I had not the least resentment against the conductor. On the whole, I now felt glad the incident had occurred.'

"Pleasantness is felt on the observation of the offender's failure or humiliation. Student G, becoming angry at X, who was manipulating some laboratory apparatus, says: 'I let him proceed, rather hoping he would spoil his results. When I noted he was failing and observed his discomposure, I felt pleased. That satisfied my anger at once.'

Here are some conclusions, based on the reports of students, concerning their emotions:

"Anger has an important influence upon mental life and behavior long after the emotion itself has disappeared. Other emotions may immediately follow anger, such as pity, regret, sorrow, joy, shame, remorse, love and fear."

"Feelings of unpleasant irritation follow anger when social or other conditions prevent adequate expression."

"A successfully terminated fit of anger leaves the subject in a state of confidence toward himself."

Professor Richardson finds that the momentum acquired during anger by determined emotional effort may help to strengthen the will and allow old habits to be more quickly broken down and new ones formed. Anger at oneself is most effective in producing this result.

Some persons derive much satisfaction in picking the sores of their unbelieved resentments—little acts of revenge and humiliation are suddenly hit upon. Even hate may have its pleasure.

One highly intelligent subject, because angry with his grocer and went to another store.

"I then thought several things I did not need," he said, "I felt I was retreating and enjoyed it."

Very Unusual Tug-o-War for the Prince of Wales' Heart

Lady Cavendish (Pretty, Athletic, Backed by the British Nation) vs. Princess Yolanda (Romantic, Ardent, the King of Italy's Lovely Daughter)—Which Will Win?



A Very Characteristic Photograph of the Prince, taken in New York, suggesting his Way of Running His Eye Over Everything Worth Seeing.

Lady Rachel Cavendish, Daughter of the Duke of Devonshire, Member of England's Most Distinguished Noble Family, Faint Type of Wholesome Outdoor English Girl, Desired as Queen by British Nation.

Princess Yolanda, daughter of the King of Italy, Lovely, Dark-eyed Latin Beauty, of Fervid Temperament and Historic Royal Race, Who Has Charmed the Prince.



INSPIRED announcements in the Eng-lish press, and certain other intimations suggest that the problem of finding a bride for the young Prince of Wales must be settled soon.

Those who are most interested in the stability of the throne believe that the Prince should now be settled down with a wife who stands well in public estimation and will help the work of securing popularity for the royal family which has so well sustained. The Prince cannot be forever occupied with world tours, however helpful they may be in arousing foreign sympathies for the British Empire.

The Prince is now returning from a tour of the Empire—a separate tour from that which included a visit to the United States. Before landing in England he is to make another visit to the King and Queen of Italy and their family—which would make the third visit within a few years.

This is a very significant fact, for during that visit he will meet again the Princess Yolanda, the lovely eldest daughter of the King of Italy, in whose society he has found extreme pleasure before now. Here there is a renewed possibility of a union once before discussed, which would excite the strongest disapproval among large classes in the British Empire. The concern which this affair arouses is increased by the fact that the Prince is well known to have strong feelings of his own with regard to girls.

The wife that the British upper classes and a large part of the public would like to see the Prince select is the pretty young Lady Rachel Cavendish, fourth daughter of the Duke of Devonshire, the esteemed Governor-General of Canada. For her Uncle the Prince, in his frank and open manner, has shown a very marked liking.

Then there were several American girls whom the Prince warmly admired during his visit and who may not be altogether out of the question. There were also a few British colonial beauties in whose near he raised a flutter of expectation.

The Prince is for various reasons the most sought-after husband in the world. Under ordinary circumstances maidenly modesty and social conventions require that a girl shall not give that she wants a certain husband, but the help to a throne is different from any other man. When a girl hopes to marry the Prince, she is not merely seeking a husband, but an opportunity to fill a place of tremendous dignity

and to exercise a beneficent sway over vast numbers of her fellow creatures.

Hence, there is a very real, a very serious "tug-of-war" for the Prince's affections, a situation that can hardly happen in the case of any other man.

The disposal of the Prince's affections is to some extent regulated by law, and then most of the statesmen and diplomats wish to take a hand in the matter. The law provides that the Prince can only marry with the consent of the King and government, and that his wife must be a member of the Church of England.

Here at once will be seen the difficulty of his marriage to the Princess Yolanda of Italy. She is a Catholic and would have to change her religion to marry the Prince, a proceeding which would offend her colleagues unapologetically.

A similar problem has already occupied the British royal family, for it is well known that King George's older brother, the Duke of Clarence, fell desperately in love with a Catholic princess—the beautiful Helene of Bourbon, who afterward married the Duke of Aosta, of the Italian royal family. The Duke of Clarence made every effort to overcome the obstacles to his union with the princess, but found that the religious and political difficulties were insuperable. The disappointment over this affair is believed to have been partly responsible for the untimely death of the Duke of Clarence, who would otherwise have inherited the British throne.

The present Prince of Wales will, it is expected, show more spirit than his late uncle. There is no doubt that the young Princess Yolanda, of Italy, is a girl who would lead a man to break many conventions. She has a beautiful face of the finest Italian type, oval in form and of exquisite purity of outline. She has a wealth of superb black hair and deep, dark eyes that are filled with feeling and expression. She has a fine, athletic figure which she inherits from her mother, who was the beautiful Princess Helene of Montenegro. During the trying years of the war, when the Allied position was critical and Italy was in especial danger, the Prince paid two visits to the Italian front and the royal family. In the critical conditions of those days he enjoyed an opportunity of unconcealed intimacy with the young Princess, that does not usually come to royalty. They wandered together over the hillsides of northern Italy and unburdened their young hearts in a frank exchange of



MISS MARGARET CALHOUN SIMONDS.

youthful confidences. It would be no surprise if the Prince considered himself eternally bound to his dark-eyed angel in spite of all laws and national prejudices, but then again he has given some evidence of inclinations in other directions.

The King and Queen of Italy are coming with their family for a state visit to the King and Queen of Denmark at Buckingham Palace. There would be an opportunity to bring the romance started in Italy to a happy climax.

It must be added that there are many Englishmen who consider that a union between the Prince of Wales and the Princess Yolanda would be a very suitable one and that it is time to do away with the ancient laws that interfere with it. They think that the union would be useful in leading Italy to England, and they regard the King of Italy as a liberal and enlightened monarch, who should be supported against the extreme Socialists who threaten his throne.

On the other hand there is no doubt

Miss Margaret Calhoun Simonds, Ideal Type of Southern Beauty, Descendant of American Statesmen and Scotch Nobility, to Whom the Prince Was Very Attractive in Washington.

that the public feeling in favor of Lady Rachel Cavendish as a bride is still stronger. An English newspaper, which is the recognized organ of the upper classes, has recently declared that King

land expects the Prince of Wales to avoid a union with any foreign princess and to choose a wife from some prominent English family, noted for its high character and patriotic standing for many generations.

Some newspapers interpreting this statement have declared that it pointed closely to the Prince taking his wife from some old English noble family, like that of the Duke of Devonshire, while others have argued that the nation would be pleased to see him choose a colonial bride or even an American, since English people do not regard Americans as foreigners.

There are, it must be said, tangible reasons for believing that the Prince is interested in young Lady Rachel Cavendish. When he arrived in Canada on his way to the United States, he made his first stop with the family of the Duke of Devonshire, the Governor-General of Canada, at Ottawa. There were five girls in the family, with whom the Prince enjoyed a very happy and informal time. Lady Rachel, however, was nearer to his own age and

it was noticed that he seized every opportunity to stay by her side, to dance with her and to choose her as a partner in sports whenever he could.

Lady Rachel Cavendish is a splendid type of the English girl—tall, strong, healthy, clear-eyed, a lover of all outdoor sports.

She would undoubtedly be welcomed by a large majority of English people as an ideal wife for the future King of England. The Cavendishes have been at the head of English society since the time of King Henry VIII. and are immensely wealthy. They are a singular family, for they pride themselves on not being particularly clever, but on being invariably honest and patriotic.

After his few days of happiness at Ottawa, duty compelled the Prince to go away on a hurried tour of the United States and western Canada. There is no doubt that during this time he showed that appreciation of a pretty face that has made him so widely popular.

There is also no doubt that while in Washington he showed a particularly strong admiration for Miss Margaret Calhoun Simonds, the beautiful daughter of Mrs. C. C. Calhoun, member of a noted Southern family. He danced with Miss Simonds on every occasion when there was dancing, and upon her alone out of all the women he met in Washington he made a private, unofficial call. The statement that she was related to the Earls of Mar, Scotland's oldest noble family, was offered as an explanation of his interest in her, but this does not seem to explain any more than the fact that she is descended from the Southern statesman, John C. Calhoun.

The Prince in fact has no hesitation in showing his admiration for any girl he

likes, a quality which he inherits from his revered grandfather.

He showed this once more when he insisted that Mrs. Whitelaw Reid should invite pretty Miss Inez Wilson to her great ball, given in his honor in New York. Miss Wilson is the daughter of Dr. Robert Wilson of Montreal. He met her first when she was nursing soldiers over the front and told her he expected to see her in America.

When Rodman Wanamaker's reception and dance were given for him in New York, he took care that Miss Wilson was invited, and, of course, he danced with her. Then came Mrs. Whitelaw Reid's ball, and Miss Wilson, not being one of the highly important people that Mrs. Reid recognizes, was not invited. The Prince insisted on the very day of the ball that she must be asked, and so the great affair was held up until Miss Wilson was discovered and invited.

During this arduous round of duties, pleasures and excitement, the Prince had not forgotten the charming young companion of his sports in Ottawa. Before he sailed back to England he went up to Ottawa and enjoyed another happy holiday with Lady Rachel Cavendish and her brothers and sisters.

This last episode is the one which makes many people believe that the next Queen of England will be an English girl. Lady Rachel has since returned to England and will be among the friends who will greet the Prince on his return.

It is no conception to say that marrying the Prince is one of the most important matrimonial problems of the time. From the mere hereditary point of view he is, of course, the foremost bachelor of the British Empire.

Throughout the British dominions, in republican France and America, and in non-republican Italy, he has been greeted with the warmest demonstrations of popularity.

Therefore the tug-of-war for his heart interests most of the world.

The French Senate Greatly Alarmed At Parisian Wickedness

Remarkable Debate in Which Many Law Makers Declared That Shameless Plays Were Causing Widespread Social Corruption and Threatening the Downfall of France

PARIS, July 15.
THE revel of shamelessness in act and language on the Parisian stage has now gone to extremes never before attempted.

So flagrant has become the disregard of all restraint that the matter has engaged the earnest attention of the great French Senate, the highest legislative body in France. The Senators agreed almost unanimously that the unbounded license of the French stage was intimately bound up with other causes that threatened the destruction of the French nation. Immoral plays, they found, help to destroy the sanctity of family life, to promote the tendency to race suicide, to corrupt innocent girls and children, and to favor the ravages of tuberculosis and other diseases.

"I accuse these conscienceless theatrical managers of destroying the souls and bodies of our dear children for the sake of money," exclaimed one Senator. It is understood that the performance which inspired many of the Senators in their denunciation of the Parisian stage was the current "revue" at the Folies Bergere. In this there is a scene which is supposed to caricature the current fashions.

The actresses who represent the fashion models were dressed in costumes similar to those worn by society, but lacking something here and there. In the background were some sixty girls, arranged with their backs entirely bare and turned toward the spectators. They were ranged in tiers that rose high up on the stage, making a startling spectacle against a black velvet background. Individual lights were turned on the back of each actress, throwing it into bold relief.

The outrageously dressed fashion models seemed in a procession before this background of bare backs, producing indescribable effects. Many of the spectators showed strong disapproval, although at a place of entertainment that was always frivolous.

This scene, although in comparison one of the more innocuous, so aroused one Senator's indignation that he rose up to protest.

American readers have already heard of the astonishing performance of "Omo Vudis" at the disfigured Opera, in which a half-dressed prima donna appeared with an equally undressed understudy.

How the French Senate discussed and condemned the prevailing license of the Parisian stage can best be understood by reading these extracts from the official report of that body's proceedings.

"The President of the Senate—The order of the day calls for the report of the Senator de Lamarzelle and several of his colleagues on the objectionable character of many theatrical performances and the licentiousness of theatrical posters in France at the present moment.

"Senator de Lamarzelle—I feel in advance that my task is going to be a very difficult one. I shall speak as simply as possible, but I must speak plainly. Let us first consider the titles of the plays which are read today on the posters, which cover nearly all the walls of our capital. They tell the children are not hurt by shocking plays because they do not see them. That is really a bait to attract the general public, but the children do see the posters.

"Here, for instance, is 'Love Prowls' which is described as a light opera, and is really much worse. Last year, you remember, we had 'The Very Salty Revue,' and the year before that it was 'The Salty Revue.' You see that we are steadily progressing.

"Here is another poster: 'Everything for Love.' In connection with that there

Spectacles of Bare-skinned Dancers Hurling One Another About the Stage, As in the Large Picture, Have Become Common at High-Class Places of Entertainment Like the Opera. On the Right and Left Are Two Examples of Somewhat Underdressed Parisian Actresses Who Have Excited the Wrath of the Senate.

is a picture, to which I will refer later, called 'The Bedtime of the Begonias.' Other places whose titles speak for themselves are: 'The Revue Without Change,' 'My Sister Wants a Sweetheart,' finally, I have the poster of a new theatre which calls itself 'The Libertine Theatre.'

"I will read you some lines from this poster: Libertine Opera. In three acts: The six-day temptations. Third act, the orgy, on the bridge of love, procession of voluptuous baysiders. (Here there are movements of smothered laughter among the Senators.)

"I assure you, gentlemen, that there is nothing laughable in this matter. (Loud cherr.)

"Senator Lintilhac—These are laughs of course.

"Senator de Lamarzelle—I learned the other day that this poster of the Libertine Theatre had been withdrawn. Every one has his little pride, and I said to myself that my announced appeal to the Government had something to do with this action.

A Parisian Artist's Satiric Caricature of the Costuming of a Popular Stage Favorite.

But this satisfaction was soon taken from me. Indeed, I found that the piece at this theatre had been changed for a worse one! (Loud exclamations of disapproval.) This is a spectacle on an enormous scale. Once more I ask your pardon for offending your ears, but I am obliged to cite details. Here is a list of scenes: The madness of love, the competition of



"In one current revue a procession of actresses, wearing caricatures of the prevailing fashions, parades before a background of the new fashionable bare backs. This scene, although in comparison one of the more innocuous, so aroused one Senator's indignation that he rose up to protest."



A "Living Advertisement" for One of the Objectionable French Plays Which Have Aroused a Storm of Resentment in Paris.

to which our theatrical directors have descended? They find that there is a public which has grown accosted even with their outrageous obscenities, and to please this public they have descended to plays which exploit the vice of cruelty. These plays are now, indeed, very much in fashion. I will quote you some remarks on the subject from one of our most distinguished and respected critics, M. Adolphe Brisson:

"The whole audience thrilled with excitement at the sight of a child writhing under the knife of a brute, while another brute stood ready to receive the blood of the murdered little one in a pall. A few cries of horror greeted this barbarous spectacle. The author of the piece and the director of the theatre were delighted with a success which they hardly hoped would be so complete." (Loud exclamations of dissent.)

"I call attention to another poster which shows a woman with convulsed face and back entirely covered with the marks of a recent whipping.

"A few months ago I was horrified by an opera called 'The School of the Satyrs,' one of the most abominable things it is possible to imagine. Now, I am further shocked to learn that this opera has been exported to London, where it has made an immense success, thus identifying our beloved country with this kind of production. And now I am amazed to find that the director of 'The School of the Satyrs' has been made an officer of the Legion of Honor. (Exclamations of amazement.)

"Senator Rivalland—He should be a Knight of the Legion of Honor!"

"Senator de Lamarzelle—Not the least harmful feature of this tendency of our theatre is the degradation it inflicts upon our actresses and actors. At the risk of provoking some smiles in you that many of our actresses feel the deepest indignation at the parts which they are forced to play. It appears that when the managers make a contract with these unfortunate women they hold back a forfeit of two thousand or three thousand francs. Then the actresses are told: 'You must have to play without clothing. The poor women protest, saying: 'But we cannot do that, we are married women.' Then the manager says: 'Oh, very well, you will lose the forfeit.'"

"Senator de Lamarzelle—Many other details of objectionable theatrical performances which it would be impossible to repeat here, details which were necessary to convince legislators that new laws must be passed to deal with the evil. The

Senator went, for instance, into considerable detail concerning an outrageous scene in "The School of the Satyrs" which involved the degrading employment of little girls of ten and twelve years.

With a great wealth of facts and convincing arguments the Senator reviewed the whole field of immoral plays and posters and objectionable public displays of all kinds. He showed how they were degrading the youth, breaking up family life, destroying the strength of France and injuring her reputation abroad.

"Finally, he linked up the immorality of public spectacles with the neo-Malthusian propaganda, the mania of race suicide, which appears to be flourishing strongly in France. He showed that the corruption spread by demoralizing spectacles injured the health of the community, destroyed the love of family and favored the growth of tuberculosis, opium smoking and many diseases and vices. Here is a brief passage from this part of the debate:

"Senator de Lamarzelle—The commentary on this propaganda of licentiousness and corruption is to be found in the official publications which prove the falling of our birth rate from year to year. It is the most serious of our national calamities. France and Germany. In the latter country there is unfortunately a regular increase of population. I beg you to recall the eloquent words uttered in this chamber by M. Clemenceau on October 11, 1914.

"This treaty does not provide that France shall undertake to have many children, but that is the first thing that should have been put in the treaty. If France fails to have numerous families you will in vain take away all the cannon of Germany, you will in vain attempt any action, for France will be lost because there will be no more Frenchmen." (Loud applause.)

"You hear that, gentlemen? France will be lost.

Several other Senators followed with additional facts and arguments about the evil laid down by Senator de Lamarzelle. Nobody seriously questioned the damaging charges made against the French theatre. The Minister of the Interior admitted that a most deplorable condition existed and that the Government found difficulty in making any improvement. As a final result of the debate the Senate passed a resolution calling upon the Government to use all its powers to suppress immorality in theatrical performances and public post, and directing the drafting of new laws giving the Government all additional powers that might be necessary.

the bare backs, the women in delirium, the exciting décolleté, the beautiful crucified women, the fan of flesh.

"I quote an advertisement of this scene which appears in a reputable newspaper: 'This scene is a maddening debauch of tableaux more than during. The competition of the bare backs, the beautiful crucified ones, the fan of flesh, push to the last limits the audacity of scenic arrangement. It is the revue the most troubling, the most madly gay, the most frantically exciting.'

"I take the poster of another theatre which only came out yesterday and read this: 'The enchanted bathing pool, 20,000 gallons of water filled with lovely naiads.' Another piece is entitled: 'The Satyr and the Nymphs.'

"Here is a poster entitled, 'Hello, Venus! We see on it a picture of a woman having her hair for all costume. Another is entitled 'A Flower of Sin.' It professes to be a Japanese piece. In the foreground of the picture we see a woman in a half-dressed; in the middle distance three of her companions all less dressed, and in the background another woman wearing nothing at all.

"You know the depth of degradation

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Mystery of Little Lost Baby Coughlin— Cruellest of Kidnappings

**The Child Who Vanished in the Night,
the Footprints of the Unknown
Woman, the Vile Thief
Who Swindled the
Unhappy Parents
Both of Money and
Hope---a Crime That
Has No Parallel
in Its
Heartlessness**

Little Baby Coughlin, the Kidnapped Child.

WHEN Mrs. George H. Coughlin, of Norristown, Pa., sang her thirteen months' old baby to sleep on the evening of June 2 last she little dreamed that she would never lay eyes on her child again—that before morning dawned her son would have vanished as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed him up.

Yet this is exactly what happened. Some time during the night kidnappers climbed up a ladder and through the nursery window, lifted the sleeping boy from his crib and carried him away with them. From that moment all trace of little Baby Coughlin is lost.

More than two months have gone by, and still this most cruel, most pathetic of family tragedies remains a mystery.

Encouraged by big rewards offered, detectives have scoured the length and breadth of the land. Thousands of dollars have been spent on the search, not including the \$12,000 which the distracted father was duped into giving a swindler quite as heartless as the wretches who stole the child. But all in vain. Not one of the innumerable clues which have been run down has revealed the whereabouts of Baby Coughlin or given the distracted parents any real ground for hope that the baby will ever be returned to their arms.

Where the baby was taken, who it was that stole him, whether he is dead or alive—these are questions which it seems unlikely can ever be answered. It is not even certain what motive these wickedest, most heartless of criminals had for stealing this child and condemning him to a fate which, for his parents and perhaps for the boy himself—is worse than death.

It would have been hard to find a happier family than the one whose joy was turned to sorrow over night by this strange snatching away of its youngest member. Mr. Coughlin, a Princeton graduate, is a member of a prosperous Philadelphia lithograph firm. He and Mrs. Coughlin have been married ten years and three children have been born to them, all boys. During the winter the Coughlins live in their own house on De Kalb avenue, Norristown, but every Summer they occupy a pleasant suburban home about a mile from it. It was at the latter place where a kidnapping occurred.

In the evening of June 2 Mrs. Coughlin, dressed her custom, sat by little Baby Coughlin as he was fast asleep. A little later he awoke, and Mrs. Coughlin, who was sitting beside him, heard a sound which she thought she heard a strange sound from the nursery window. She sat up in alarm and strained her ears with motherly solicitude. It was nearly 2 o'clock in the morning when Mr. and Mrs. Coughlin got their first inkling of the awful tragedy which was to befall them.

Mr. Coughlin awoke with a start, thinking that she heard a strange sound from the nursery window. She sat up in alarm and strained her ears with motherly solicitude. It was nearly 2 o'clock in the morning when Mr. and Mrs. Coughlin got their first inkling of the awful tragedy which was to befall them.

It was not long before Mrs. Coughlin lay awake again, convinced that there was something wrong.

As she was closing her eyes, how-

ever, that mysterious sound was repeated, this time a little louder, a little more ominous. It came from the nursery and it was a sound which she has hard work to describe. It may have been a cough or a baby's muffled cry—she cannot tell.

Now really alarmed she shook her sleeping husband into wakefulness and asked him to go and see if anything was wrong with the baby.

"I got out of bed," says Mr. Coughlin, "and hurried into the nursery. There I saw the crib against the wall on the side of the room farthest from the window, but, to my amazement, I saw that it was empty. Little Baby Coughlin was gone!"

"I stood there like a man in a trance, gazing at that empty crib. The covers were folded neatly back, as they would have been by a mother's hand. I reached out my hand and touched the bedding—it was still warm from contact with my son's little body."

"I could hardly believe my eyes. The thought that Baby Coughlin had been stolen—that he had been carried away almost from our arms—was incredible. My wife was calling anxiously to know what the matter was, but the words with which I would have answered her stuck in my throat."

"Of course, the baby was somewhere in the house—that was the idea which persisted even in the face of that empty crib. Perhaps David and McLean had taken him from their room. I hurried across the hall to where the two boys lay sleeping, but Baby Coughlin was not there."

"Downstairs I rushed and out of the back door. From there I saw something that went a chill through my heart. It was a ladder leaning up against the house and the top resting on the sill of the open nursery window. I ran to the highway and looked up and down, but there was no sign of life to be seen in any direction. Nor could I hear any sound of automobile, motorcycle or other vehicle."

"By this time Mrs. Coughlin had thrown on a wrap and come out on the sleeping porch behind the nursery. I called to her that Baby Coughlin had been kidnapped—that someone had climbed into the nursery and stolen him."

"The maid, the only servant in the house that night, was awakened by the commotion. She came down from her room on the third floor and gave what comfort she could to Mrs. Coughlin while I telephoned for the police."

Long before sunrise the Norristown police, members of the State constabulary, detectives and hundreds of neighbors, the Coughlins began to search for the kidnappers. The only tangible clues were the footprints of a man and a woman found near the foot of the ladder. Their position indicated that both man and woman had climbed the ladder. It was thought that the man had stood on one of the upper rungs while the woman entered the room and passed out the sleeping child. Probably some cry the baby had made brought the kidnappers to the window, and it was only outside the Coughlin grounds.

There are a number of things which lead to the belief that the crime was most carefully planned, and that perhaps its details were even rehearsed some time before.



The Coughlin House, Showing the Ladder at the Window Through Which Baby Coughlin Was Stolen.

form. As Mr. Coughlin recalled, about a week before, he had found, leaning against the side of the house one morning, just beneath the nursery window, a wooden stile about eight feet long, such as are used by children to play on. He made inquiries and found that neither of his older boys or anyone else about the house had placed the stile in this position. It was quite clear that a man, or even a woman, with a little agility could have by this means reached the second-story window. But although the incident of the stile gave proof that the crime had been planned long in advance, it did not help establish the identity of the kidnappers or locate the whereabouts of the stolen child.

The county commissioners offered a reward of \$1500 for tidings of little Baby Coughlin. His parents, frantic with grief, employed an array of private detectives to hunt for him. The search covered not only the whole State of Pennsylvania, but the entire nation.

To make the torture the grief-stricken parents were undergoing all the more cruel, they began to be tantalized with letters offering to return the boy alive if paid some ransom from \$5000 to \$12,000. All these letters—which raised such fond hopes only to turn them to disappointment—are believed to have been cruel fakes. The plan outlined for the delivery of the ransom is one of these letters was quite

"It must have been the woman who lifted the sleeping baby from its crib and who handed it out the window to her wicked accomplices without—none but a woman could have done this so expertly that neither father nor mother asleep nearby was awakened until too late."

That even a hardened criminal would wrench the hearts of a grief-stricken father and mother in this cruel way seems almost incredible. The episode adds the crowning touch of patric to what was already a tragedy without parallel in heartlessness.

"I considered it the only thing to do," said Mr. Coughlin, after he realized how he had been duped.

"How could I help believe him when he told me just how the ladder was placed with one foot propped against the flower-pot? How could I doubt his word when he said that the water container for heating the baby's milk was only half full on the night of June 2?"

"My wife and I knew that it was only a chance, but any chance that might result in the return of our baby was worth taking. We could never have forgiven ourselves had we failed to pay over the \$12,000 which this man demanded with no striking evidences of good faith."

Day after day the wires have brought from various parts of the country descriptions of children answering closely to that of the missing Coughlin. To almost far and near Mr. and Mrs. Coughlin have traveled, buoyed up by the hope that at last they were on the right track, but in every case they have been doomed to disappointment.

They were told of a mysterious woman who had engaged a room at a Seaton hotel. When the rumor got about that the baby she had with her was the kidnapped child, she retired to her room and steadfastly refused admittance to any one. Several who had seen the baby said that it tallied closely with the description of Baby Coughlin.

Mrs. Coughlin hurried to Seaton. At her direction the police went to the room occupied by the strange woman. She refused them admittance, insisting that the child was her own, that it had been born in a New York hospital, and that she did not propose to submit it to anybody's inspection.

The woman's husband arrived just in time to see the police batter down the door of the room, surge across the threshold, seize in hand, and surround his wife and baby. Retreating into a corner with the screaming child in her arms, she defied the officers to touch her. Even her husband's pleadings failed to move her to allow an examination of the baby.

Mrs. Coughlin was brought into the room and given a glimpse of the child. "That is not Baby Coughlin," she said, and turned sadly away.

As a last resort, her nerves shattered, her faith almost broken, her hopes turned to despair, Mrs. Coughlin has issued the following touching appeal for the return of her baby:

"To the abductors of Baby Coughlin: I'm: I want my baby. Some woman must be caring for him. Won't you send your mother's heartiest love to me now, and send him safely back to me? All I ask for is the return of my little boy. I promise we will deal directly with you. Can't you imagine my anguish?"

Does there live man or woman with heart hard enough to resist an appeal like this? One would hardly think so, did we not have the cruel, despicable swindle practiced by "The Crank" as evidence of the depths of inhumanity to which some criminals can sink.

Meanwhile Mr. and Mrs. Coughlin anxiously wait and watch and pray. They do not know whether little Baby Coughlin is alive or dead. If they are, they are haunted by the fear that he may not be receiving proper care. Is he getting enough to eat? Is he being clothed and being treated with tender care to which he has always been accustomed? They do not know, and while eager to miss no opportunity that might lead to the child's return they are continually fearful of being again made the dupes of some heartless swindler. Was the fond love of a father and mother ever subjected to worse torture?



Mrs. Coughlin, the Desolate Mother.

The Hope Diamond Mystery—by

The Startling History of This Fascinating Stone, the "Curse" That Has Its Owners for Fourteen Centuries and the Ruined Life of May Yohe, Who Once Owned It and Wore It.



Viscount Fouquet, Minister of Finance for King Louis XIV., who mined himself up with the great diamond and died a miserable death in prison.

By May Yohe (Lady Francis Hope) CHAPTER V.

(Continued from Last Sunday.)

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LAST week I told on this page of the first great happy moment that came into my life—when John Russell, the star of the old musical comedy "Natural Gas," told me I was employed to take the place of his prima donna, Jeannie Yeamans, who was ill, at a salary of \$60 a week. Until that moment I had been just a dressmaker's little daughter, with that same ambition that countless other girls have in their youth—to go on the stage and set the world afire with my talents. After that moment, having attained my day-dream with one leap, I really was an actress, and, what is more, an actress of consequence, for I was replacing one of the high-priced women of the stage.

I had a few hurried rehearsals, made all the more exciting because I had brought a little separate good fortune to mother, too. Mother, as I have said, was a dressmaker. John Russell, the owner of "Natural Gas," did not know this when he told me that he would be glad if I would take the burden of arranging for the making of my gowns off his shoulders, "and get some dressmaker you know to make them for you—but be sure they are made in style, and that they look fine."

You may be sure I knew just the dressmaker who would do that—one who would put not only style, but an untold, tender love and a little prayer, too, into every one of those stitches—a prayer for the success of her eager daughter and that she might be happy always and skirt clear of the temptations which the stage was supposed to open for every girl.

Mother made my gowns—almost one a day. John Russell, when at last I appeared for a special "dress rehearsal" called the day I was to step into the part and make my first appearance before an audience, complimented me highly upon the smartness of my four dresses. "I hope you didn't go to one of those expensive modistes who charge ten dollars a stitch because they know enough French to call themselves Madames," he said to me. I trembled at this, for I had mother's bill in my pocket and intended to give it to him after the rehearsal. We needed the money. But I was so afraid he would find fault with the bill now that I decided to give it to him at once.

When Mr. Russell looked at it he swore—it was a terrible oath, but it was not in anger. He was just shocked at the total. Four dresses, which he had declared to be more beautiful than any of the New York gowns Miss Yeamans had, and mother charged only thirty-two dollars apiece from them, furnishing all the materials. "Get the money from the treasurer quick," he said, "before she changes her mind. And if there are any of the girls in the company who want dresses made I'd advise them to get this dressmaker of Miss Yohe's right away."

That night I took the part and stepped for the first time before real footlights. Mother was out in the audience, and as soon as I found her I acted and sang to her alone. I was frightfully nervous at first, and stumbled a little in my "lines." But in the second act came my

It is not surprising that the jewel had a sort of irresistible fascination for May Yohe, and she spent much time and effort in tracing its baleful history. After its theft from the Buddhist idol fourteen centuries ago, she was able to piece together a fairly complete record of its career in recent times. This she narrates in all its extraordinary details—a story unparalleled in history or in fiction.

Jean Baptiste Tavernier came into possession of the stone in 1649, stolen from the sacred golden statue of Rama, in the Temple of Rama and Sita, Burnah, India. It weighed 21½ carats, and Tavernier sold the diamond to King Louis XIV. for 3,500,000 francs and a baronetcy—he was created Baron d'Aubonne. Tavernier was torn to pieces by wild dogs.

big song. I was confident now that the time had come for me to sing, and I sailed into my song without a tremble.

It was Tositi's "Bid Me Good-by and Go." I was almost swept off my feet by the applause that greeted the end of the first verse, and when I had finished my success was assured, for that audience proclaimed me a star—never dreaming that this was my first appearance on a stage.

The next day the papers gave me beautiful "notices." Mr. Russell beamed upon me, and always after that whenever "Natural Gas" was spoken of "May Yohe" was also mentioned. That song always has been my favorite since. And I want everyone to remember that I never had a singing lesson in my life. I think singing lessons, "voice culture" as they call it now, is a great mistake. After a short season with Mr. Russell I was offered the principal part in the musical play "The Crystal Spheres." Now I was known as a star, and my salary was to be \$200 a week. This was a very large salary indeed for those days.

I toured the entire country, making a name for myself, and bringing to my management much money. Four years, when I appeared in New York and London in "The Giddy Throng," which was after my marriage to Lord Francis Hope, I received \$2,000 a week, at that time the highest salary ever paid a musical comedy star. This was in 1901. The theatres were crowded then by persons who wanted to see the famous Lady Francis, who was on her way to become one of the proudest duchesses in England, and was even then the possessor of the famous Hope Diamond. I wore with me one of my costumes in this play jewels worth more than \$200,000, and every one of these was my own, not the Hope jewels, which then were in the deposit vaults in Parr's bank in London.

That was a pretty good jump for me—from a prospective music teacher at \$1 per lesson, to the highest paid musical comedy star in the world, with a title and \$200,000 worth of jewelry to wear with one dress.

How different might not my life have been if the magnificent Hope Diamond never had been added to these jewels, which came to me as a reward for my success on the stage, and which were mine alone! In searching backward for the history of this sinister gem I came across in after years a long forgotten box of centuries old letters hidden away with the archives of the Bourbons in France, in which I discovered some of the secrets of Nicholas Fouquet, the proud Intendant of Louis XIV., and the beautiful la Valliere, whom Fouquet tried to win from his royal master. Here again I found trace of the

TO find herself mistress of the palace of an English Duke, with jewels outvaluing the jewels of many a crowned head, with London town house, country estates, castles, shooting preserves—would probably fulfill the happiest dreams of millions of American women.

And yet May Yohe, the daughter of a Pennsylvania country dressmaker, had all this in her grasp—AND THERE IT AWAY.

May Yohe, the beloved and petted wife of Lord Francis Hope, was also to share with her husband the added title and still greater estate of the Duke of Navarrie—was it the malignant power of the unlucky Hope Diamond that then intervened and blighted her life?

The story of May Yohe's career will be told from week to week in these pages by May Yohe herself. Few plots in drama or fiction equal the extraordinary real life experiences of this remarkable American girl.

And the "curse" of the famous Hope Diamond?

Something, indeed, seemed to suddenly cast its sinister shadow over her life and pursued her relentlessly in America, in Asia, throughout Europe, and even in South America. May Yohe discusses this famous gem, which once was hers, and reveals much of its past history which has not before been made public—history which begins with its theft from the sparkling ornaments of the Buddhist idol fourteen hundred years ago, and drags its sinister trail down through the centuries to the shocking death of little Vinson Walsh McLean, whose parents now own the "cursed" stone.

Madame de Montespan, who wore this jewel, was abandoned by the King. It had been recut by Amsterdam jewelers by order of King Louis XIV. and reduced to 67½ carats.

Nicholas Fouquet, Intendant of France, who borrowed it for a festive occasion, died miserably in prison, where he had been sent by order of King Louis XIV.

Queen Marie Antoinette, who wore it, was beheaded.

Beautiful Princess de Lamballe, who wore it, was torn to pieces by a French mob. King Louis XVI, who owned it, was beheaded. The famous diamond was seized by revolutionists in August, 1793, and kept in the Garde Meuble. Stolen a month later and lost, a commission was appointed to find it.

It turned up in a diamond dealer's shop in Holland and in the possession of Wilhelm Fals, who recut it and reduced it to 44½ carats. It was stolen by his son, and Fals was ruined. Of the missing pieces the Duke of Brunswick bought one weighing 7 carats and E. W. Streeter, the British diamond expert, bought the other. Hendrik Fals, the diamond merchant's son, who stole it, was a suicide in London in 1830.

Francis Beaulieu, who sold it, died in misery and want.

The first of the Hope family who bought it suffered a long series of misfortunes, including the death of his favorite son.

Lord Francis Hope, the grandson, suffered financial reverses, scandal and unhappy marriage, bankruptcy, and was forced to sell the diamond to Simon Frankel for \$168,000.

May Yohe, his wife, who wore it, tells the story of her unhappiness. Simon Frankel, New York broker, who bought it for \$168,000 in November, 1901, met financial difficulties.

Jacques Colot, another owner, was afflicted with madness and committed suicide.

Prince Ivan Kanitovski, next owner, was killed by revolutionists.

Lorenz Ladou, to whom he loaned it, was murdered by her lover.

Lorenz Ladou, to whom he loaned it, was murdered by her lover.

Simon Montharide, who sold it to the Sultan Abdul Hamid, was thrown over a precipice while riding with his wife and child; all were killed.

Abu Sabir, a lapidary, who polished it, was tortured and imprisoned.

Kulub Bey, who guarded it, was hanged in the street by a Turkish mob.

The keeper of its vault was strangled.

Zohaybe, the Sultan's favorite, was killed by her master. The jewel was taken from her neck and put among the treasures of Yildiz Kiosk, which was later looted and the diamond stolen. A Turkish commission was appointed in October, 1909, to find it.

Abdullah Hamid paid \$400,000 for the stone. He was dethroned.

Jahver Agha, an official of the Yildiz, attempted to steal the stone and was hanged.

Selim Habib, Persian diamond merchant, who had handled the gem, was drowned in the sinking of the French steamer Seyne off Singapore, November, 1909; the stone, however, was safe.

January 21, 1911, Mrs. Edward B. McLean, of Washington, D. C., bought it, wore it and was sued for \$180,000 by Cartier, the jeweler.

In May, 1919, her only child, Vinson McLean, the "Hundred-Million-Dollar Baby," the most closely safeguarded child on earth, rushed from his nurse's side and was crushed to death under the wheels of an automobile in Washington.

Nothing else in all history, nothing in fiction or the drama parallels the extraordinary record of this sinister jewel, which is related for the first time by a remarkable woman whose own life was blighted—by its wicked "curse"? This will be told from week to week on this page.

latter's death. He found great consolation in the charms of the young English Princess, his sister-in-law, and it was not long before there was busy gossip going among the boudoirs of the ladies of the court.

The Princess Henrietta proposed to the King a plan which, she argued, would protect her from the accusing eyes of both her husband and the court—that he should send suddenly to feel an interest in one of her maids of honor, and openly bestow his attentions upon this "fool." Thus, the Princess argued, the King would be enabled to visit her apartments each evening, ostensibly to call upon this waiting woman.

Louis readily agreed. The Princess chose the young girl from among her attendants whom she thought because of her simple manners and unfamiliarity with court intrigues would be the last to take advantage of such a situation. This was her maid of honor, Louise de Blane, afterward known as the Duchesse de la Valliere. It was not long before the little Louise was paying 10 attentions in truth to this winsome maid of honor—the Princess was forgotten.

Fouquet looked upon Louis as a frivolous knight dames, more intent upon his own pleasures than on affairs of state. At first he encouraged the attachment between Louis and la Valliere, thinking the King would compromise himself in the eyes of the court and people by his attachment for this daughter of an infamous family. He hoped to keep Louis busy as love while he built his fortifications against the time he could boldly declare Louis incompetent to govern propose himself for regent.

At this time Fouquet was known to favor the claims of Mlle. Menneville, a celebrated beauty, the intimate friend of many of the most prominent of Paris. She was not, however, of court rank, and Fouquet coldly decided that he would, Mlle. Menneville and replace her in his favor with the young ladies who moved in court circles, to begin his usurpations of one of the prerogatives of royalty of those days.

There were many charming young women and maids of honor of the various princesses at court many, no doubt, would have been deeply flattered by the notice of the powerful superintendent of the finances. Fouquet coldly decided that he would appeal to him—none other than la Valliere herself.

That la Valliere was known to be the favorite of King, and besides that she gave to Louis that he so rarely vouchsafed a King—love for himself and

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May Yohé (Lady Francis Hope)

Followed
of



King Louis XIV. and his sweetheart, Mlle. de la Valliere. The King's jealousy of his Minister of Finance, Viscount Fouquet, who helped himself to the royal blue diamond to adorn Mlle. de la Valliere's bosom, started the trouble which ended in Fouquet's miserable death in prison after being stripped of his enormous wealth.

against the extravagances of the King, compelling little la Valliere to tears with his formidable figures and accounts and his descriptions of a bankrupt court and a poverty-ridden State. The clever Minister dwelt so long upon the sad times which he predicted for the King and his people and painted such a distressing picture of la Valliere's own responsibility for these extravagances of the monarch, which he told her, she might have prevented, that at last the femme de France was upon her knees begging him to tell her what she might do to overcome a part of the damage already done by the openness of the royal purse.

"With the demoielle upon her knees before him, the bitter Fouquet softened. How could he but soften when his King had softened so frequently in a similar situation? His voice dropped its condemnation and became patronizing. He had criticized the King; now he extolled himself. La Valliere was a long time in understanding, but at last the light broke in upon her. The powerful Fouquet the real master of France, was asking her to save the King from the consequences of his financial indiscretions by giving her friendship to the holder of the royal purse that, under her persuasiveness, he might be induced to keep that purse open.

"We who watched from an antechamber were much interested to observe the haughty Minister depart from the presence of the favorite with an indignant refusal."

Fouquet, accustomed to see everything yield before the power of his gold, was not discouraged, however.

The superintendent changed his tactics, and deputed Mme. du Plessis-Bellievre, who was one of his fastest friends and a great power with the King's mother, to inform la Valliere that if she would allow him to share also in her favor she might have at her disposal a million pistoles (\$4,000,000) to do with as she might please.

The chronicles go on to relate that la Valliere replied that she would not devote the King for all the money of France.

Fouquet now planned what in his narrow soul he believed would be an irresistible coup—a parade of his own power and of the wealth at his command, hoping to awe the young favorite with a splendor which even the King himself could not equal.

The Intendant invited the King and his court to a great ball at the Fouquet estate, Chateau de Vaux, in northern France. This chateau was the most magnificent of its time, in beauty and magnificence exceeding anything possessed by the royal family. Its gardens alone had cost France—for they were paid for from the public funds—more than \$10,000,000. Whole villages had been purchased by the Intendant, that they might be razed to make way for noble terraces crowned with columns of



"There in his cell, his face hidden behind the grotesque mask, the violin his only solace, was Louis's mysterious prisoner—the famous 'Man in the Iron Mask.' Was he Fouquet?"

solid bronze and imported marbles. A thousand fountains played on the esplanade, according to histories of France, and golden nymphs and dryads peeped out from their great marble basins.

Two thousand servants prepared the ball and banquet for Fouquet's royal guests—among whom would be, he knew, the King's favorite. When these servants had completed their work and the great affair was almost due Fouquet bethought himself of something that was missing—the one thing that, in the eyes of La Valliere and others attendant upon the King, would be a sign that Fouquet, and not Louis XIV., was the real King of France. This one thing, La Valliere's letters tell us, was the "Blue Crystal."

Fouquet decided that his display of pomp and power would not be sufficiently dazzling unless he could further prove his influence over the King by persuading him to loan him, for the evening of the grand fete, this famous jewel. At first the King was astounded by his request, and indignantly refused, it is related. Fouquet blustered and threatened. There was a bitter scene in the King's cabinet. The minister threatened to withdraw from the court and wreck the kingdom. The King feared that he could not resist Fouquet's threats, and he gave him the jewel. Louis at last sent his lackeys for the velvet box, and the blue crystal passed temporarily into the possession of Fouquet, we are told.

In all respects but one the triumph of Fouquet the night of the ball was complete. The court was dazzled by the splendor of the affair. None was there who was not forced to admit that Fouquet was greater than the King himself. Those who might have doubted were convinced when they saw the huge blue diamond hanging from a gold chain around the Intendant's neck. Only La Valliere was unaffected. She was amazed, her letters say, but she remained loyal to the King, despite Fouquet's promise that he would defy the King and present the diamond to her if she would favor him.

Early the next day Fouquet presented himself at the court to return to the King's own hands the precious gem. The King said nothing, receiving the gem in silence and motioning to the Intendant that the interview was over. Fouquet was beside himself with rage at such a reception. He must have vowed that within the week he would show this King who dared be rude to him that crowns are easily torn away. But when he stopped outside the cabinet he felt a hand on his shoulder. He turned to look into the face of the Captain of Musketeers. He was under arrest!

In the courtyard an iron-barred carriage was waiting. Fouquet was thrust inside and hurried to a dungeon. By the Captain of Musketeers, who was none other than the famous d'Artagnan, the King sent word to the prisoner that Louis of France could have no man in his kingdom who was rich enough to give such a fete as that at the Chateau de Vaux, meaning, no doubt, a man powerful enough to force the monarch to part with as valued a possession as the blue crystal.

Thus the Hope Diamond changed the history of the world, for Fouquet, had he not borrowed it, probably would have succeeded in overthrowing Louis XIV., ending the rule of the Bourbons. But those who were his friends while he was in power quickly deserted him when he was in trouble, just as most of my fair-weather friends deserted me, to whom the diamond came nearly three centuries later, when I fell from grace. And Mademoiselle de la Valliere was deserted, too, a year after Fouquet's fall, when she herself borrowed the diamond once

day, and in consequence made enemies who brought about her exile from court.

The punishment meted out to Fouquet has been something of a mystery. The lettre de cachet in the hands of d'Artagnan took him to the Bastille. There history loses track of him. He never again appeared. It is believed that that mysterious prisoner, who ended his days under a peculiar torture and whose identity has come down to us only vaguely as "The Man in the Iron Mask," was none other than the fallen Fouquet. Each historian has been led inevitably to that scene in the King's cabinet where Fouquet's doom was pronounced, and only the absence of proof lessens the certainty that in this terrible manner Fouquet paid for daring to aspire not only to the King's favorite and the throne itself, but to the Hope Diamond.

Now I'll return to my own story. I have told how I suddenly became a star in the "Crystal Slipper" and became known, especially in the West, as one of the highest salaried musical comedy stars. Those were the days when my one lonesome little diamond ring, bought from my savings with "Natural Gas," my first engagement, and a plain band ring which had been my mother's, were my first and only "jewels." They were the days, too, when I learned to love the great West.

"I have met a lot of very fine gentlemen in my wandering life, but the old-time Westerner was just a prude. The men just bubbled over with courtesy, and a girl was as safe in their midst as in her mother's arms. They used to do a good deal of shooting about that time, but I fancy the folks who managed to get shot were about ripe for another world anyway.

It was splendid the way they treated all of us girls. Once in a coach, when we were on tour, a man who was not a Westerner was just a little bit over-polite to me, not nasty, you know, but over-attentive, and I think I showed I did not like it, for when the coach reached a lonely spot the other passengers took the man's luggage and dumped it down on the road. Then a tall, lean Westerner, with a big, ugly gun dangling from his belt, said to the man: "Say, stranger, guess you're a little too sweet to be wholesome—get!" And the man just gave one look into the hard, stern faces of the Westerners and went down the back trail at a run, and he didn't seem anxious about his luggage either.

I just loved those fine men; they were so chivalrous and wholesome, and yet as full of fun as a lot of kittens, always up to boyish pranks and nonsense among themselves, but so clean minded and manly—they were just nature's gentlemen. When they were dealing with a girl or a woman they never forgot what so many men are only too ready to forget—that all had mothers.

I learned to play poker in the West, and I've always loved a little gamble. I never did care for anything in this life with a "ha-penny" limit. I have always preferred things with a chance attached. In one place a girl of the company took sick. She had an orphan brother to keep, and that boy was absolutely destitute without her earnings. But she was an awfully proud, independent sort of a girl, and would take help from no one. That sickness of hers looked like spoiling her life. Somehow a whisper got around among our friends, and they were eager to find a way to help without giving offense to the little lady.

Next week I'll tell on this page how these splendid men "found the way" with their poker chips.

(To be Continued Next Sunday)

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realm, and even as he as-
to the throne he covered
of that power which,
se it was feminine, was the
e's real dictator.
Fouquet summoned to his
Mme. de Soissons, who
on the Mlle. Mancini with
Louis had enjoyed his first
flair. Mlle. Mancini had
a shy, diffident girl, very
embarrassed by the plan
uncle, the Cardinal, to
her to the King. She had
d Louis by her sensitive-
and he transferred his suit
her rather than be trou-
with obstacles.

ow, however, Mme. Sois-
was not so conventional as
had been as Mlle. Mancini.
net desired that she procure for him a tete-a-tete
the Mlle. de la Valliere.
me, de Soissons hastened to discharge this mission—
ly encouraged, it seems, by designs of her own upon
oyal heart, which she now would have welcomed
ed when it was offered her as Mlle. Mancini.
me, de Soissons brought la Valliere and the Super-
intendent of Finance together in her apartments. She
withdrew, leaving Fouquet and the favorite alone.
what passed we must turn to the letters of Mme. de
sais, who says:
The superintendent at once launched into a tirade

May Yohé in one of her early stage successes.

"Snow Gowns" by Lady Duff-Gordon



Chiffon, Silver Lace and Silver Brocade Compose This Gown.



A Debutante's Dance Dress of White Net Over Damask Satin

Draped Evening Gown of Two Shades of Marquisette, with a Low Girdle of Brocaded Satin.

LADY DUFF-GORDON, the famous "Lucile" of London, and foremost creator of fashions in the world, writes each week the fashion article for this newspaper, presenting all that is newest and best in styles for well-dressed women.

Lady Duff-Gordon's Paris establishment brings her into close touch with that centre of fashion.

Lady Duff-Gordon's American establishments are at Nos. 37 and 39 West Fifty-seventh street, New York, and No. 1400 Lake Shore Drive, Chicago.

By Lady Duff-Gordon ("Lucile")

JUST as a play with a snowfall scene is vociferously greeted by an audience in midsummer is a gown that suggests frost or ice or snow in glistening midsummer days. Welcome as the tinkle of ice in a long glass at 3 o'clock on a midsummer afternoon is such a gown, "Snow Gowns," as I have named them, are of white, filmy material, like a flurry of snow, transparent. Or they are of satin, smooth and

glistening as ice. Or they may be of lace, delicate as the tracery of frost on a window pane.

Three snow gowns are displayed in a group for your inspection, and, I hope, for the lowering of your temperature, today. Showiest of all is the middle figure. It shows a debutante's dance dress. Of white net, it is over damask satin. The crush sash girdle is of metallic silk. Clustered above it on the corsage in front are flowers of foam. The ruffles on the net overdress are finished with an edge of silver ribbon.

On the left you see a daintily draped evening gown in two shades of marquisette. Below the draped bodice is a low girdle of brocaded satin. Galloon tassels adorn the side of the corsage and skirt and the end of the draped train. The skirt is trimmed with a lattice of satin and velvet ribbon arranged over brocaded satin.

The right-hand figure is used to display an evening gown trimmed with silver lace. The girdle is of silver brocade. The loops that extend the panniers are of silver brocade.

Chauville's Secret—by David Whiteaw

Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

VIVIAN RENTON and Eddie Haverton, modern soldiers of fortune, have been gambling with Hubert Baxter, a prosperous attorney, in his London apartments. After their departure late at night Renton returns to the house, murders Baxter and hides the body on the roof. While waiting for night to come again in order to make his escape, he finds in a desk a curious old yellowed document telling of a mysterious chest left in the care of one of Baxter's ancestors by a French nobleman, the Marquis de Dartigny, of the Chateau Chauville. The chest has been handed down from one generation of Baxters to another and carefully guarded in the hope that some day its rightful owner will be found. Renton decides to pore as the missing heir and claim the chest. He goes to France to make some useful inquiries about the Dartigny family.

The story of the mysterious chest goes back to the troubled days of the French Revolution, when the Marquis was staying in the fancied security of his chateau. His son Gaspard, who was active against the Paris Terrorists, learned his father's life was threatened, and sent a friend, Remy Peracourt, to convey him and Gaspard's little daughter Sylvia to a place of safety in England. In their flight they were pursued by an evil-looking revolutionary. After vainly trying to dodge this pursuer, Remy finally attacked him and trussed him up. Later Remy shot him. The next morning the Marquis and little Sylvia sailed for England, where the chest and the document concerning it were turned over to the Baxters for safe keeping. Now, more than one hundred years later, Hubert Baxter's murdered body is found, but the police have no clue to the man who killed him. In order to learn what he needs to know about the Dartigny family history, Vivian Renton changes his name to Baptiste Dartin, grows a beard and passes himself off as a French man. He visits Canada, where he learns that one member of the Dartigny family has gone.

Dartin presents his fictitious claims to Robert Baxter, the new head of the firm of Baxter & Co. They are accepted as satisfactory and he is given the treasure chest. Robert Baxter is in love with Stella Benson, a charming girl whose heart is set on making a great success on the stage. She has just secured what she thinks her big chance and tells Robert he must wait a year for her answer to his proposal. Taking her at her word, he goes on a long yachting trip, much to Stella's dismay.

Dartin is at first greatly disappointed to find only a paltry thousand pounds in the chest. He is relieved to discover later a large key and a parchment telling where the real treasure is hidden. Giving Baxter a quaint lock and chain which he found in the chest, Dartin goes to France. By posing as an artist he gains admittance to the Chateau Chauville, and in a secret vault finds an immense fortune in gems, gold and rare pictures.

(Continued from Last Sunday)

CHAPTER XII.

The Blackmailer.

EIGHTEEN months had passed since the night when Hubert Baxter met his death in Mortimer Terrace, and still, with the exception of the murderer himself, there was but one man who suspected anything of the truth of that mysterious affair.

True, Eddie Haverton had no knowledge when he parted from Vivian Renton in the fog at the Regent's Park Circle that his companion had any intention of returning to the house which they had left a moment before.

Knowing what he did, however, of the desperate straits of young Renton's finances, coupled with the sudden disappearance of that gentleman from all his usual haunts, left Eddie but one conclusion—and upon him it had a far-reaching effect. Morally, Mr. Haverton was no walt better than he had ever been—it was not in his nature to be so; but his narrow escape from being ensnared in the web of the Regent's Park mystery had given him a severe shaking up.

As he sat in his flat this bright Spring morning he told himself that although the straight road was infinitely less interesting and lacked many of the allurements of the broader thoroughfare. It was smoother travelling for a man of middle age whose nervous system had never been of the best. He shuddered even now at the remembrance of what his life had been during those first few weeks following the discovery of the body on the roof. He remembered the feelings with which he had each morning opened his newspaper and watched the developments of the case in which at any moment he might be called upon to take a principal part.

Hour by hour, day and night, he had been pursued and tortured by the demons of anticipation, and now that the door was a friendly tap on the shoulder in the street but he told himself that he was innocent of any part in the crime; the explanation, should it become known that he was with Baxter on that night, was beyond even his fertile brain. Unlike Renton, he had had no reason to believe that removing any trace that would point to his presence in Mortimer Terrace. He said that there were

a hundred and one things that might incriminate him—a handkerchief, a scrap of paper, a clear and a thumb print.

It was this latter which held Eddie Haverton in the grip of deadly fear. He knew well that among the thumb impressions at Scotland Yard his had their place, and memories of three years he had spent in a prison apartment overlooking the granite-towered towers of Dartmoor, which had followed the taking of those impressions, came back to him in shuddering force.

But that time of terror was all over now. Hubert Baxter lay unavenged in the family vault at Highgate, and the affair of his death no longer claimed the public attention. The police had apparently dropped the case, and the most blatant of the "yellow" press had long been silent on a subject from which they had squeezed all sensation.

And Eddie Haverton, ever since that November night, had run straight—that is to say, that in any venture to which he put his brain and hand he was careful to remain well on the right side of the hedge planted by the law around that particular business. He had been successful in the past and his good fortune seemed to hold good now that he had chosen a more reputable mode of life. Everything he touched turned out well—a dairy, which he ran for a few months was disposed of to a company at a large profit; he assisted the fallen fortunes of a peckish weekly and the circulation rose at once until it reached a quarter of a million.

But there were but speculations, side issues which Eddie's astute brain told him were good. It was in the theatrical field that his chief energies were expended. Always a keen player, he rapidly turned to financial acumen his experience and many years. He did not advise his present connection with the stage theatre in more than a few touring successes, and that London managers beginning to speak of and fear this man who robbed them by his specious offers of some of the most promising

members of their companies. For Eddie Haverton's secret for "talent" was keen, and the affair of it was two-line actor owed a big success to the man who had watched them from the stalls.

It had just been like his luck that Haverton should secure the services of Stella Benson. It was his rule, and he found it a paying one, to watch the performances of underlings with infinite care. His knowledge of human nature and of the vanity and jealousies of the world behind the scenes gave him an advantage that he was not slow to take.

Stella's reign in the name part of "The Sun Drenched" had been but brief. Miss Foster, who had hoped to stimulate the taste of the public by her absence and to return to them enhanced by comparison, rapidly recovered from her indisposition on hearing of the success of her understudy. She returned to her duties in three days and Stella was again relegated to her previous position in the front row of the chorus.

That this was to her impossible after those glorious three days in the public eye. She had fondly hoped, when the applause had sounded in her ears, that it rang the knell of her career in the profession as far as she was concerned, and that before her stretch the red-strewn path of success. She had caught a glimpse of the orchard and to leave the fruit was hard.

The sturdy, common dressing-room now seemed to her more stuffy than ever; the one dresser to four girls was a very different person from the woman who had for three nights done her hair and fastened her signature to a con-

spectful attention. The talk of her companions, too, their suppers, their loves, all struck Stella as being essentially vulgar. A lady by birth, she had never been really popular with these girls, whose looks were their only asset and whose figures were of vastly more account than their morals. Now that jealousy was added to their dislike Stella's life became unbearable.

There is little doubt that had Mousenthal himself been at hand some promise of better things would have been held out to the little actress. But the old manager was laid up with an attack of gout and was unapproachable, and his deputy, a monotonous monotony of tender years, seemed disinclined to act on his own initiative, and any ideas he might have had in the matter of Stella's advancement were promptly wiped in the mud by Miss Foster, who scented a possible dangerous rival in the sixteen-year-old girl.

And so it was that Haverton, who had been waiting like some hawk watching its prey, swooped down and attacked Stella Benson with the offer of a principal part in a good story. He had chosen the right moment, when, smarting under a keen resentment and longing to leave the surroundings which had become distasteful to her, the actress had signed to a con-

tract before she rightly knew what she was doing.

Eddie was thinking a great deal about the clever little actress as he looked out of the window of his well-appointed flat. He had finished and enjoyed an early breakfast and now sat smoking an excellent cigar and gazing out over Hyde Park, stretched out beneath him in all the enticing glamour of Spring. It was barely nine o'clock, but the grass was already wet with people and the musical sounds of motor horns, as the cars sped westward along Piccadilly, told him that the town dwellers were taking early advantage of this May Sunday.

Stella—a pretty name—Stella Haverton would sound well, oh! Eddie tried to tell himself that forty-eight was but the prime of a man's life—a little before the prime, perhaps—and that hair a little gray over the ears was an unattractive. His two years of comparative honesty had had a most beneficial effect, not only up on the actions of Mr. Eddie Haverton, but upon the appearance of that gentleman.

His mirror, as he turned from the window to it, showed him a well-set-up man, broad and full-chested without being stout. His hair, taken straight back from the brows, successfully disguised a partial baldness, and his moustache,

small and trim, was brushed up at the ends and gave something of a military aspect to his face. He did not need the monocle which was inseparable from his right eye, but he wore it as an ornament, and it suited and gave a certain dignity to his rather large face.

He took from his pocket a tiny red memorandum book and consulted it. The company in which Stella was "starting" had finished the night before at Barbican and were opening to-morrow at the neighboring manufacturing town of Maytoms. Perhaps Stella and some of the company would spend the Sunday in Barbican, preferring the delightful quiet of town to the smoke and grime of Maytoms, in which case—well, his new "Stella" would take him down in no time—it would be a run, anyway. After all, it was a pity to stay in town on a day like this.

Eddie Haverton pressed the little electric button by the fireplace and ordered the car to be ready in half an hour.

CHAPTER XIII.

Blackmail.

THE long, straggling High street of the cathedral town of Barbican lay sunnily in a Sabbath calm. The Barbicans, for the most part, were within doors, but a few who put devotion before digestion were hurrying off in answer to the call of the bell in the gray cathedral tower for noon service. At one of the bow windows of the Angel Hotel, and smiling across the lawn to join his feet.

"A thousand apologies, good friends to take the last one. I—oh, here's our host come back." It was indeed to have recognized the Vivian Renton of eighteen months ago in the trim-seated man who in a suit of well-cut fawn, came smiling across the lawn to join his feet.

"I swear I'll have it cut off on Sundays," said Eddie. He said that your manager has turned up at Barbican. I've asked him, and he's not there, but I'll tell you, he won't spoil sport, will he?"

shadow-stained down, he felt that the world was a very desirable place—to those who were appreciative and who had the wit to find out its soft places.

He emptied what remained of his liquor into his cup of black coffee and looked across at the clean-shaven face of the manager.

"So Miss Benson has not gone on to Maytoms?"

"No; she and Wally Burns and two of the others are at Adderbury Hall—oh, of course," said Reggie Danson laughed, "you don't know the good thing."

"The good thing?" he queried.

"That's what we call him at the theatre. Pots and pots of money, and a patron of the arts as portrayed at the Theatre Royal, Barbican. He has a lovely place about two miles out on the London road, and he looks in at the show twice or three times a week. Most towns have a man like him, else I don't know what some of the actors would do for beer."

"What they call a 'mug'—oh?"

"No, Mr. Haverton, that's just it. Mr. Dartin's no 'mug.' He just likes to be around with the crowd, and doesn't mind paying for the privilege. I imagine he came into his money suddenly and had some sort of an idea that the county would take him up. Lord! he didn't know the Barbicans crowd. They won't look at him, and as he likes company, he finds it at the theatre."

"What's on to-day, then—garden party?"

Reggie Danson laughed. "That's the sort of thing—loiter-scramble. Oh, he'll do them well, all right. I can see Wally wading into the Mumps—what?"

Eddie Haverton was silent for a moment, then: "Wonder if I could join them? It seems rather alluring, and I was to see Miss Benson about a new topical song to slip into Act II. Think that's excuse enough? Besides, I don't feel like going back to town yet."

"Sure, I'll ring him up; it's more the merrier with him. He wanted me to go over, but Sunday's the only day when I can catch up with my correspondence." The young manager did not say that there was another reason in the shape of a very pretty little Mrs. Danson and a five-year-old little Danson maid to whom Sunday was "Daddy's Day," and as such was to be respected.

He crossed the room and took down the receiver of the telephone.

"Seven x 1—yes—that's it. Dartin's place, that's Act II—right! Hold on. Good afternoon, Mr. Dartin—it's me, Reggie. The manager of the company has turned up here in his car and wants to see Miss Benson. Who—come over to you there? I'll ask him." Danson turned and put his hand over the mouth of the instrument. "You're to go over at once, Mr. Haverton." He turned again to the telephone: "Hello—Mr. Haverton's compliments, and he'll start right away. No, thanks all the same—my correspondence, you know. Good-by."

It was a merry little thing that splashed the vivid lawns of Adderbury Hall on that Sunday afternoon in May. Stella Benson, radiant in a tussore dress and shady hat, big with roses, was sharing from the depths of a wicker-chair a plate of strawberries with Wally Burns, the genial little comedian of the company, who, seated on a cushion at her feet, kept the party in high spirits with his small witticisms. Trivial little remarks well suited to after-noon ease on a sun-bathed lawn. Louis Derrill, the "broad" lay at full length on a rug of cushions, listening to the "short" talk of Ada Clariton, the sprightly little lady who played second parts and understudies the "lead."

"Half a quid a sound, if they cost a penny; and to think that I started a glorious day on a cup of cocoa and an elderly 'baddock'!" and Wally sighed as he popped the strawberries into his mouth. "Ips and downs, ups and downs—no, Miss Benson, I absolutely refuse to take the last one. I—oh, here's our host come back."

It was indeed to have recognized the Vivian Renton of eighteen months ago in the trim-seated man who in a suit of well-cut fawn, came smiling across the lawn to join his feet.

"A thousand apologies, good friends to take the last one. I—oh, here's our host come back." It was indeed to have recognized the Vivian Renton of eighteen months ago in the trim-seated man who in a suit of well-cut fawn, came smiling across the lawn to join his feet.

(Continued on Next Page)

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SHE seems the only one in the world to him. Her lovely color enchants him—her beauty captivates. Best of all, she will always seem young and girlish to him, for she has the secret of instant and permanent beauty. She uses a complete "Pompeian Beauty Toilette."

First, a touch of fragrant Pompeian DAY Cream (vanishing). It softens the skin and holds the powder. Work the cream well into the skin so the powder adheres evenly.

Then apply Pompeian BEAUTY Powder. It makes the skin beautifully fair and adds the charm of delicate fragrance.

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Lastly, dust over again with the powder, in order to subdue the BLOOM. Presto! The face is beautified and youth-i-fied in an instant.

Note: Don't use too much BLOOM. Get a natural result.

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Pompeian DAY Cream (vanishing), removes face shine. Pompeian BEAUTY Powder, a powder that stays on—flesh, white, brunette, Pompeian BLOOM, a rouge that won't crumble—light, dark, medium. At all druggists, 50c each. Guaranteed by the makers of Pompeian MASSAGE Cream, Pompeian NIGHT Cream, and Pompeian FRAGRANCE (a 25c talcum with an exquisite new odor).

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